THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."



No. 25] SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1805. [WHOLE No. 129

## Bromley Melmot;

### A NOVEL.

Continued from page 187.

MELMOT had frequently, during the excesses into which he was inadvertently hurried, borrowed trifling sums of Percival, which he was unable, till the receipt of his salary, to repay; and the sense of the obligation he was under to his friendship affected him more deeply, now that he was obliged to appear wholly unworthy of favor in his eyes.——Enquiring at the door for Mr. Harley, as usual, the servant said he was within: he was consequently obliged to attend him in his study before he could enquire for the captain. In passing the hall, he was met by Marianne, who came from the parlor on tiptoe, and, taking his hand in a friendly manner, said——

"My father is in a terrible ill-humor ——escape from him as soon as you can, and come and comfort poor Percival—he is very ill above."

The distraction of his mind, which her presence at that moment increased, would not permit him to reply; but, wringing his hands, he muttered something indistinctly, and entered the study!

"So, Sir," said Mr. Harley——"Here are fine doings!—Miss Newcombe is carried off, it seems, by some of those profligate fellows you and my son chuse to associate with!"

Melmot assured him he knew that none of his associates would be guilty of such an action.

"Ay, ay!—" replied he—"you are all ready enough to answer, upon these occasions, for one another. But first, Sir, let your own conduct be justifiable before you attempt to vindicate others. Your whole figure, Sir, shows the kind of life you lead; and let me tell you, Mr. Melmot, that no daughter of mine shall unite herself with a rake or professed libertine!"

At that moment it was the kindest sentence Mr. Harley could have spoken, and he was content to bear the appellation so otherwise odious in his ears, could he but escape an union with Marianne, whose life, he plainly perceived, he could not fail to render miserable.

He replied to Mr. Harley with such unaffected humility, and explained all the circumstances of his conduct in such a clear and satisfactory manner, as entirely pacified him; and he then entered into the griefs of his son with an earnestness that showed how sincerely he was grieved.

"I do not wish to usurp any undue authority, young man," said he; "but, as I received such an earnest recommendation of you from Mr. Bromley, I think it my duty to watch your proceedings, and to caution you against such practices as must prove injurious to you. Mr. Bromley has cast you off for ever!"

This was a secret Melmot had carefully concealed; and now, startled with astonishment at its being so unexpectedly revealed, tears filled his eyes, and his whole frame shook with agitation, that rendered him incapable of making any reply.

"I see," said Mr. Harley, you are affected at the sense of your friendless state; and I am happy to find in you a sensibility uncommon in young men of *ton*. However, be not dismayed: while you are sensible of your errors, and willing to amend them, nothing shall be wanting on my part to promote your welfare. But, recollect that, if you plunge yourself into difficulties through dissipation and extravagance, you must not expect me to extricate you from them.

Melmot was in agony.——

"May I ask, Sir, if you have your account of my proceedings from the Captain?"

"It is a question I do not chuse to

answer, Sir," said Mr. Harley; "and it is unbecoming in you to ask."

Melmot's heart swelled within him, and he determined to quit the house without seeing the man who had so basely betrayed him. As he was going, Mr. Harley said——

"Stay, Sir——As, for my own credit I do not wish you to get into any fresh difficulties, take this," giving him a ten pound note: "and I trust you will behave discreetly for the future."

Melmot's pride revolted against taking it; but the recollection that it would enable him to cancel part of the obligation he was under to Pecival overcame his scruples, and he took it with an air at once expressive of gratitude and reluctance.——

He retired home immediately, and related to Maria what had passed, but withheld from her every thing that he thought likely to render her unhappy. He found, with much concern, that no tidings of Susanna had yet been received; for though his bosom beat high with resentment against Percival, he had too much real regard for him to wish his unhappiness.

The money Mr. Harley had that morning given him was very much wanted by Melmot to defray a debt, the recollection of which was a weight upon his mind, as it was incurred in a manner repugnant to his sense of rectitude, but his pride for the moment overcame his prudence; he therefore inclosed the note in a piece of paper, which he directed to captain Harley, and wrote thus—

"The inclosed is the amount of what I am indebted to you:——obligations of friendship you have yourself cancelled.———To Miss Marianne I must now address myself——and throw myself entirely upon her generosity: for never will I of my own accord, make her my wife.

B. Melmot."

Percival was unable to comprehend the meaning of this mad epistle, and immediately dressing himself, though very unable to bear the exertion, he determined to seek Melmot, and demand an explanation. He found him seated by Maria; one arm round her waist, and his eyes fixed on her countenance with an expression of the most ardent affection.

With a tone and aspect unusually grave, he desired to speak with Melmot apart. They then retired into another room—

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean, Melmot?" said he, earnestly.

"I mean, Sir," replied the other, "that you have betrayed the confidence I reposed in you."

"Never, upon my soul, Melmot," said Percival, in a voice that declared how much the bare supposition hurt his feelings.

"But, this young woman——who is she?—Do you mean to make a fool of my sister?"

"I do not, Sir, but Maria I love—the fatal misunderstanding that separated us is cleared up——and unless your sister chuses to force my unwilling promise, Maria I must marry."

Rage and indignation filled the breast of the young officer, and, with a contemptuous glance, he replied——"You are a villain!"

Melmot started from his seat in a phrenzy; but, recollecting himself, he replied, coolly—

"I am no villain, Percival!—I am already sufficiently distressed, and your reproaches ungentle as they are, serve but to defeat the purpose intended—— I am ready to give you what satisfaction you require; but I own, I should reluctantly raise my hand against the man I once aspired to call friend!"

"Cowardly evasion!" exclaimed Percival. "I will not submit to such a palpable insult:—either renew your engagement with my sister, or give me honorable satisfaction."

"'Tis well, Sir," said Melmot, still retaining the command of his temper ——"I prefer the latter."

They then fixed, with much precision, the place and time of meeting, which was to take place on the morning of the day but one following.

Percival then left a house, which to enter was now become a source of misery to him. Melmot's perturbed looks, when he returned to the parlor, betrayed to the anxious Maria that something had disturbed him and she exerted every endeavor to cheer his spirits; assuring him, that when she returned to his uncle, she doubted not but she should be able to make up the misunderstanding between them.

He shuddered to think how useless her interference might then be, as he determined to stand the fire of Percival, without even returning it; and he pressed her hand to his heart with a convulsive smile that augmented her terrors.

Just then a note arrrived for Mrs. Bentley, which contained the happy intelligence that Susanna was safe at lord Melfort's, who would immediately restore her to her friends, when the particulars of the affair should be cleared up; and, in about half an hour, his lordship's carriage drove to the door, from which he handed her, and Susanna, entering first announced him to be her brother.

The surprize this declaration would otherwise have excited, was diverted by the situation of Maria, who fainted immediately upon their entrance, and was borne to her apartment by Melmot; and lord Melfort apparently much agitated, entreated his sister to spare him the pain of being present at a recital which must prove so degrading to him.

This was acceded to, and his lordship retired.

Mrs. Bentley immediately wrote a note to captain Harley, entreating his presence. Percival lost no time in obeying the welcome summons; and, after the first effusions of tenderness on each side was over, Susanna gave into his hands a pacquet, which, she told him, contained the history of her family—"After your perusal of which," said she, "I will relate the particulars of the mistake which caused the discovery of lord Melfort's alliance with me."

Melmot just then entering, accompanied by Maria, Percival rose to take leave; and Melmot, to avoid the observations that must necessarily be made

advanced towards Susanna, and expressed his happiness at seeing her safe.

"But will you," said she, taking his hand affectionately, "will you extend your kindness to lord Melfort, and grant him your forgiveness? Believe me, he is overwhelmed with shame for the part he has acted."

A glow of resentment for a moment possessed his countenance; but after a pause, presenting Maria—"Pardon me, Miss Newcombe, if I say he has already found a more powerful advocate—Here the injury shall be forgotten—and may his lordship, from this advocate, learn the danger of libertinism!"

(To be continued.)

## THE EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINTH LESSON OF *THE PHILOSOPHER ZUMA:*

*Or, the inordinate indulgence of Parents severely chastised.*

AN EASTERN TALE.

HASSAN, a venerable Dervise, was in his time justly reckoned one of the wisest and most devout of all those holy men whose lives are consecrated from infancy to the service of the Prophet and of Alla.

He had an only son, in the formation of whose mind and manners he placed his whole attention and delight. Blessed by nature with an extraordinary genius, great were the improvements he daily made in every acquisition under the tuition and example of such a master. But just when the father's expectations were wound up to the highest pitch, this son of his love, this staff and stay of his old age, vanished from his fond embrace.

Some thought him devoured by the tygers in the neighboring forests, and some thought he had been carried away by the inhabitants of the deserts, who killing their offspring that they may not have the trouble of rearing them, forcibly seize the youth of both sexes, wherever they find them of a proper age, to supply the place of their own. Wherever the Destinies had disposed of him, his father was so deeply affected by his loss that he became quite inconsolable, and gave himself up to melancholy and despair.

One day as he ascended the Holy Mount, to worship, in the sanctuary of the Prophet, his mind still wrapt up in the dear child who to him was now no more, a black cloud overshadowed him, and a flash of lightning at the same instant deprived him of his sight.

He then found himself transported all on a sudden, as if on the wings of the wind, to the top of an adjacent and lofty eminence which commands the richest and most extensive prospects, and where the celestials are said to correspond with mortals.

In this elevated situation, where a thousand beautiful and enchanting scenes disclosed something like a new creation, a voice sweeter than the songs of the sacred virgins bade Hassan resume the powers of vision. On lifting up his eyes he beheld on his left hand a multitude of the Prophet's immortal attendants, and on his right a cherub, whose countenance and deportment were altogether one bright and beauteous expansion of benignity and grace.

"Hassan," said this heavenly messenger, our holy Prophet, to whom his faithful servants never sigh in vain, hath sent me from his immediate presence for thy instruction and relief. Look beneath, where the whole world lies before thee, and all the latent causes and consequences of human sorrows are distinctly unveiled."

The first object which struck the wondering Dervise was his own son, in a situation the most likely to gratify the most sanguine wishes of the fondest father. Here he was seated on a lofty throne, in the midst of an august palace, surrounded by thousands of obsequious slaves, and in all the splendor, stateliness, and luxury, of the East. Music of every description saluted his ears. His palate was habitually gratified with delicious viands.

The dance was eternally awake at his call. His whole life was one continued festivity. The greatest and wisest of men frequented his court, and his seraglio abounded with the finest women in the world.

This unexpected glare of exterior greatness and gaiety had hitherto diverted the father's attention from the visage of his son, to which, however, his eyes soon returned, with instinctive solicitude. "Follow him, said the angel, to leisure and retirement; for the votaries or dupes of ostentation, who love to snuff the applause and amuse the speculation of fools, generally drop the mask as soon as the mob are dismissed.

"There learn the causes of discontent, and be convinced what a pitiful and paltry share the heart has in the mere indulgence or gratification of sense."

At once the scenes were shifted, the whole apparatus assumed a new form, another train of actors appeared, and other doors flew open which discovered all the inmost recesses of the palace. In one peculiarly solitary and remote, the son of Hassan was seen in all that state of bodily debility and mental distraction which unbridled passions and inordinate appetites produce.

Here the sullen spectres of languor hovered around and poisoned every cup of joy which the caprice of amusement held to his lips. Fortune who had lavished on him all her bounties, presented him now only with the trite returns of exhausted fruition. He looked down from the summit to which she had raised him, with giddiness and consternation.

In the act of ascending all was flowery and charming, full of goodly prospects, and melodious sounds; but health and serenity had already forsook him, while his wishes were but just completed, without Hope, to wander among the dark declivities of Despair alone, or sink forever in the bottomless gulph of Oblivion, which rolled and growled incessantly among the hollow rocks and caverns beneath.

In this most abject and forlorn state of mind, it is impossible to say what pangs he did not feel, to what inquietudes he was not a prey. Suspicion, the fiend and tyrant of every little cankered and envenomed heart, kept all his former friends at a distance, and threw a dark foreboding disguise on all the solicitudes they expressed for his welfare. Care extended a feverish anxiety over every scene and circumstance that affected him. All his most sanguine expectations seemed blasted in the very bloom. The phantoms which fired his

rising desires had burst, as he strove to realize them, like bubbles in the air. Fancy, surfeited and soured by a round of excess, in which he knew no moderation, shaded every prospect of futurity, and ruffled the richest sweets of nature.

Memory, ever most officious in the crisis of misfortune, but recalled the fleeting images of evanescent joys. Thought, which amuses the wise and consoles the good under every calamity, was his greatest tormentor. He could flee from every external scene or object which occasioned him the least disturbance; but from the stern recriminations of this inward and habitual monitor he saw no asylum in earth and heaven. Ambition, having nothing more to bestow, left him in the arms of Disgust, a prey to all the spite and insults of grinning Infamy; while mean-spirited Envy, elevated as he was above the bulk of mankind, regarded the lowest of his slaves, to whom sleep was sweeter, and food desirable, as the rivals of his bliss.

"Governor of the world, said Hassan, falling prostrate on the ground, and thou First and Holiest of Prophets, withdraw this dreadful spectacle from the eyes of thy servant, and banish the remembrance of it forever from his heart. I asked thee for a son, as a token that my poor services were not unacceptable to the great Alla, and thou gavest me one. The Destinies, in complaisance to the desires of a mortal, made him in all respects what I wished him to be. They gave him every perfection of body and mind which could elevate his character and ornament his nature. They put him in a situation in which these had the greatest chance of being occupied to the public advantage. But overcome by this exuberance of fortune, the peasant who subsists by laborious industry, or even the poor mendicant, who depends for every morsel he receives on the precarious boons of benevolence, is happier than he. And now the effect of all my most earnest and repeated importunities is the extreme irremediable misery of the wretch who calls me father."

*(The remainder in our next.)*

## TRANSPARENT DRESS OF THE LADIES.

WE are informed by ancient writers, that the dresses worn by the *Lacedemonian* maidens were so made as to be highly indecent, and not to answer a principal end of cloathing; and it is probable that the Jewish ladies, described by Isaiah, (chapter iii.) might wear dresses of a similar fashion, vestments of the *cob-web* kind, a sort of *no-coverings*, which would not hinder the wearers from appearing almost naked; such as Menander calls a *transparent-vest*, and mentions as the dress of a courzan; and such as *Varro* styles *vicreas vestes, (glossy vestments;)* and *Horace* from the island of *Coos*, where the stuff was made, denominates *Coar*, lib. 1. sat. 2. line 101.

"——— *Cois tibi pane videre est*
*Ut nudum.*"

Through the *Coan* vest
You almost see her naked."

This *Coan* stuff was probably a kind of *very thin silk or gauze*. So *Lady M. W. Montague*, describing her Turkish dress, says it was of fine white silk *gauze*, closed at the neck with a diamond button, but the *shape and color* of the bosom was very well to be distinguished thro' it.

Dr. Shaw informs us, (Travels, p. 344.) that "in the Levant, *mirrors* form a part of female dress, for that the Moorish women in Barbary are so fond of their ornaments, of and particularly for their *looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts*, that they will not lay them aside, even when after the drudgery of the day they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goats-skin to fetch water."

And it is certain, from Exodus xxxviii. 8. that the Israelitish women used to carry their mirrors, made of polished brass, with them, even to their most solemn places of worship: but it is by no means equally certain that they ever wore *transparent garments*.

In the 3d chapter of Isaiah, referred to above, the prophet particularly describes the manners and dress of the Jewish ladies, which appear to have been something nearly of the same description as those of the more fashionable part of the females of the present day.

*From the Bee.*

## A NEIGHBOR.

A NEIGHBOR. One who calls on you sociably half a dozen times a day, and interrupts you in the midst of your business with his friendly conversation. He will drink a bottle of wine with you at your house, and sometimes be your companion at a tavern. Your books, your household utensils, &c. he will borrow with all the freedom imaginable. Frequently he will insist on your taking a jaunt a few hours with him, let your compliance be ever so detrimental to your interest.

Or out of pure kindness he will pass all his leisure time in your store or shop, to the disturbance of your customers or workmen. But you never get any thing out of his pocket. He has no occasion to buy what he can borrow of you. And if you will furnish him with a pipe, a drink of cider, a newspaper, and snug seat by your fire gratis, why should he call for any thing at the bar.

He'll hunt with you if you'll find powder and shot, and fish with you if you'll provide bait; and put in sugar to a bowl of punch if you'll furnish the rest. He very generously enquires into all your affairs, and gives his advice as to their management. If, however, he cannot get along without buying of you, he will take your goods of you, but as for being particular as to payment, it is no matter, he can pay you any time, as he is in and out a dozen times a day, and this any time proves to be no time. But what of that? he is my *neighbor*.

## HOGARTH'S LAST PAINTING.

A FEW months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed for his matchless pencil the work he has entitled *A Tail Piece*; the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

My next undertaking, said Hogarth shall be the *end of all things*.—If that be the case, replied one of his friends, your business will be finished, for there

will be an end of the *painter*.—There will so! answered Hogarth, sighing heavily; and, therefore, the sooner my work is done the better.

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the *end of all things*.

A broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—a crack'd bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Phœbus and horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wreck'd—Time, with his hour glass and scythe broken, and a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play book opened, with *Exeunt Omnes* stampt in the corner—an empty purse—and a statue of bankruptcy taken out against Nature.

So far, so good, cried Hogarth; nothing remains but this, taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken. FINIS! exclaimed Hogarth, *the deed is done! all is over!*

It is remarkable, and little known, perhaps, that he died in about a month after finishing this *Tail Piece*, having never again taken the pallet in his hand.

## ANECDOTES OF YOUNG ROSCIUS.

THE pamphlet just published by Mr. Harley, gives a circumstantial and interesting account of the life and adventures of this young wonder. He was born in Shrewsbury, on the 10th of September 1791. His father was an eminent physician in the north of Ireland, and was settled at Ballinahinch, in the neighborhood of Belfast. His mother was a Miss Stanton, of the county of Worcester, a young lady of superior attainments, and possessed of a handsome fortune, which it is understood, is settled on the son.

The family constantly resided in the neighborhood of Belfast, where Young Roscius imbibed, from the instructions of his mother, a taste for recitation. The circumstance however which turned him to the stage, was merely accidental. Mrs. Siddons, during her excursion to Ireland, in 1802, played a few nights at Belfast; when our young hero, seeing her in the character of Elvira, in the play of Pizarro, was so fascinated with her performance, that he told his father emphatically, *he should die if he did not permit him to be a player*. His father a short time after, introduced him to Mr. Atkins, the manager of the Belfast theatre; in the presence of whom, and his very intelligent prompter, now Young Roscius' tutor, Mr. Hough, he recited several passages, to their utter astonishment. Mr. Hough afterwards paid a visit to his father's house, in the country, and gave Master Betty some instructions in the theatric art, and very soon procured him an engagement from Mr. Atkins for four nights. He performed the parts of *Osman*, *Young Norval*, *Rolla*, and *Romeo*, in a manner that gained him very high reputation, before he was 12 years old. Mr. Jones, the manager of the Dublin theatre, next engaged him for 9 nights, and he performed every night to overflowing audiences. It was at Dublin he acquired the appellation of the *Infant Roscius*. His next engagement was at Cork, where his career was equally brilliant.

Although his character was thus firmly established in Ireland, it was his success in Scotland which spread his fame to this country. In Glasgow he played for 14 nights, to overflowing audiences; and, in Edinburgh, the venerable Home was so enraptured with his performance of Young Norval, that he declared from the stage, that he had never seen the part before acted up to what he had conceived of the character when he wrote the play.

Such a testimony powerfully proved that the applause which he had received was well merited. His next engagement was at Birmingham, where he performed for 13 nights, to crowded houses; and as his engagements at the country theatres were always founded on a division of profit, he made a considerable deal of money on this excursion.

It was at Birmingham that Mr. Justice Graham, (one of the managers of Drury Lane) passing through the town, made a proposal for him to act at that theatre. The proposal was, however, deemed so inadequate, that it was rejected; and Mr. M'Creery, the Birmingham manager, gave his opinion, that the boy ought, in a London engagement, to have 50 guineas a night, and a clear benefit. This proposal startled the managers of Drury Lane, and made them hesitate. In the mean time Mr. Harris offered him a *carte blanche*, which was filled up on these terms for twelve nights. The nights were then fixed upon by the Covent Garden managers; but they forgot to stipulate that he was not to act at Drury Lane during the intervals. The Drury Lane managers took advantage of this omission, and engaged him to play then at their theatre, which has now occasioned his engagement at both houses.

The writer of this pamphlet says, that, although he received many invitations from the first families at Birmingham, he accepted of very few of them, and seemed to have little pleasure in society, except where there were boys of the same age. He also mentions, that, at rehearsals, he whispers his part, and gives no idea or promise of the excellence that he is to display in the evening: the actors who had rehearsed with him, were as much astonished in the evening as the audience.

Among those who at first doubted the possibility of a child forming a just conception of such characters as he performed, were Stephen Kemble, the manager of the Newcastle theatre, and Mr. Knight, the manager of that of Liverpool. The *great* Stephen Kemble considered this *little* actor as a mere *Tom Thumb*; but when he witnessed his powers, he regretted that he had not employed him.

Mr. Knight, who at first doubted his powers, afterwards confessed himself one of his warmest admirers, and effected an engagement with him for the Liverpool theatre, for 14 nights. This engagement proved highly advantageous to both parties; and Mr. Knight's letter to the Birmingham manager, in praise of Young Roscius, (whom he at first underrated) does equal honor to his heart and to his head.

Young Roscius' principal characters are, *Young Norval*, *Frederick*, in Lovers' Vows; *Achmet*, *Hamlet*, *Richard the Third*, *Rolla*, *Osman*, *Tancred*, *Octavian* and *Romeo*.

THE following singular fact in natural history lately occurred at Kindrought, in the parish of Stritchen:—A hen, having hatched a numerous brood in the beginning of September last, in about ten days after quite deserted them. A capon which had been observed for some time to be weak and sickly, very kindly undertook the care of the poor chickens; and has ever since continued to foster them with all the assiduity of a tender dam, clucking, picking food for them, sheltering them, and in short, doing every thing that a hen usually does for her offspring.


# The Visitor.

*SATURDAY, March* 23, 1805.


## LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 25 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of *CONSUMPTION* 6—convulsions 2—casualty (a man killed by falling under the machinery of the Manhattan water-works while in operation) 1—decay 2—diarrhœa 1—dropsy 1—drowned 1—bilious fever 1—nervous fever 1—inflammation of the lungs 1—intemperance 1—small-pox 3—sprue 1—still-born 2—and 1 of hooping cough.

Of whom 9 were men—4 women—7 boys—and 5 girls.

Of the whole number 7 were of and under the age of 1 year—2 between the age of 1 and 2—2 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—2 between 20 and 30—4 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—and 1 between 60 and 70.

## STEPHEN ARNOLD.

*Pittsburg, March* 9.

Stephen Arnold of the town of Burlington in the state of New York, who in a most wanton and cruel manner whipped a girl of about six years of age, seven times in the space of an hour and an half, because she did not pronounce the word *gig* as he required, and which caused her death—was apprehended at this place on Monday evening last by Mr. Thomas Cohoon, who had heard of him at Owego upon the Susquehanna and followed him 320 miles. His apprehension was attended whith singular circumstances. On Sunday he arrived here; he was unsuccessful in three or four applications he made for a passage down the river; he continued in the vicinity, upon Grant's Hill, a considerable part of the day, and was frequently upon the point of committing the dreadful act of self murdur, but was happily deterred by a directing Providence.

Monday night he called at Mr. Henderson's tavern for something to eat, but said he had no money; in a short time Mr. Cohoon came in and was informed that a countryman of his was in the room, to whom he addressed himself, and found that he answered the description of Arnold; after requiring the other company to leave the room he read the advertisement; while reading he discovered the other drawing something from his pocket, upon which he raised his eyes and said, *You are the man*, the hand dropped—It was a pistol which was cocked twice, and only prevented from doing execution by Mr. Cohoon's firmness. They took him to a magistrate's, but on the way he drew a pistol and fired, a different direction, was given to it by his arm being seized by a byestander; the flash of the pan singed his temple, and the ball flew by the ear of Mr. Cohoon; it however did no injury.

The pistol, a number of balls, a rope, and some money was found upon him; he called himself Smith, and would give no satisfaction that night.—The next day he made full confession—And appears to be fully sensible of the enormity of his crimes, deplores the violence of his passions, which have sunk him from a respectable standing in society to the lowest degradation.

Miss Fisher, says a London paper of December, who has appeared with so much *eclat* at Richmond, is said to be engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, at the rate of 15 guineas per week; to make her debut when the engagement of Master Betty (the Young Roscius) ceases. She is to make her first appearance in *Richard the Third*.

As a proof of the tyranny at present exercised in France, we need only state the following well authenticated fact. In the summer of 1803, a young and beautiful lady was married to a respectable tradesman, called Jaques de Beie, who keeps or rather did keep, a shop in the Rue de St. Honore, in Paris. Their affection was reciprocal, and their conjugal happiness remained uninterrupted until the month of March last, when the lady was rudely assailed in the Thuilleries garden by the amorous addresses of an officer of Bonaparte's guards, who declared his passion was so strong, that he could not exist without enjoying her, and that he would marry her after procuring a legal annulment of the matrimonial contract by which she was then bound. The astonished lady screamed aloud for assistance, but her cries were uttered in vain; for a single creature dared not interfere, or call in question the conduct of a lawless ruffian bearing the Usurper's commission. The hapless victim of lustful brutality, however, at length contrived to escape from the fangs of her intended ravisher, and returned home.

But here the business did not terminate, for the monster in human shape immediately interceded with his *immaculate* master for the possession of this unfortunate woman; & strange as it may seem, it is an absolute fact, that a Consular order (for the tyrant had not then assumed the Imperial dignity) dissolved the former marriage, and consigned her to the lust of a base villain.

The distracted husband remonstrated against this unjust proceeding with acrimony and spirit, as to arouse the Consul's vengeance, and for the atrocious crime of vindicating his own rights, the unhappy man was chained to a number of conscripts, and marched off to join the army.—

*Lon. paper.*

One of the greatest curiosities in the neighborhood of Fontainbleau is a monument, of which Nature only has been the architect.

It is a tree commonly called the *Bouquet du Roi*. This tree, which is one of the finest in Europe, does not befurcate, nor shoot out any branches until it reaches the height of forty feet.

It raises its head above all its neighbors with a noble dignity, and seems a magnificent Corinthian column.

The general aspect of Fontainbleau is picturesque, but not agreeable. There are some very wild and romantic views, Beautiful trees, arising from the cliffs of rocks, seem as it were destined to adorn the ruins of Nature, and to conceal her deformity.—Dry sandy plains remind us of the Egyptian Thebais.—Louis IX. was therefore not far wrong when he dated his letters from "*My Desert* of Fontainbleau."

*Paris paper.*

A very curious scene took place on Saturday before the sitting Alderman at Guildhall:—

A sentimental *damsel*, who had passed her grand climacteric, was charged with obtruding herself at various times into a private family, for the purpose of visiting an old gentleman, upwards of sixty, who was laid up with the gout; and with making a great disturbance about the house when denied admittance. Mr. *Randol Jackson* attended as counsel for the complainants, and stated, that their object was to oblige this lady to give security for her peaceable deportment, in future, and that she should not call to see the gentleman any more.

This was recommended by the Magistrates; but the love sick fair one said she could not comply with this demand; that she was so deeply smitten with her enamorata, that the attachment between them being sympathetic and mutual, she could not bear the idea of a separation. These arguments were enforced by a copious torrent of tears. Being, however, informed, that, if she persisted in her refusal to give the required security, she should be committed: she at length complied, with some degree of reluctance. It was stated by the Counsel, that the old Gentleman is a partner in an eminent house in Paternoster-row.

## MARRIED,

*On Thursday* 14*th, Mr. William Haddock, of Philadelphia to Miss Martha Pease, of this city.*

*On Saturday evening the 9th inst. at Islip, (L. I) Mr. Elisha Smith, to Miss Eliza V. Nostrand, both of that place.*

## DIED,

*On Friday evening the* 15*th Mrs. Ann Cadwell, wife of capt. Edward Cadwell.*

*On Wednesday evening last, after a short illness, Mr. Isaac Major, a native of Ireland.*

*On Saturday, Sir Francis Drake the celebrated* Sidrophel *of New-York.*

"He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was an old dog at physiology."


# THEATRE.

*ON MONDAY EVENING, March* 18*th*
WILL BE PRESENTED,
*A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS,*
*called,*
## Such Things Are.
TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
*called,*
## SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

*Scales, Weights, & Measures.*
ABRAHAM CARGILL,
*PUPLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,*
*No.* 250 *Water-street.*
*Four doors West of Peck Slip;*

*Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Cepper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd, Pewter, and Hollow Ware.*

*N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at a short notice.*

W. S. TURNER,

*Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No.* 15, PARK, *near the Theatre; where he practices* PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

*He fits* ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—— In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite easendas afely.*

*Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No.* 15, PARK, *where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

*The* TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G, & R. Waite's store, No.* 64, *Maiden-lane.*

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had at this office, and of most other Booksellers in this city,
GAINE'S
NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,
*Containing in addition to its usual information,*
A LIST
Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. *Price* 25 *cents.*

*VALUABLE INFORMATION*
*to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach*

*BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.*

*Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.*

*Extract of a letter recently received.*

*Gentlemen,*

*"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.*

*ELIZABETH CASEMORE,*
*No.* 15, *Thomas-Street, New-York.*
*Price One Dollar.*

*Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No.* 102 *Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers,* 433 *Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No.* 20 *Bowery-lane.*

## A BALLAD.

BY J. ATKINSON

*Author of Rodolpho, a Poetical Romance.*

CHILL blew the north wind, the ocean loud roaring,
Faint and fatigu'd as the evening drew on,
From a wreck sav'd, a stranger, his fate was deploring,
And the tears flow'd apace as he wander'd alone:
Alas! on the storm beaten shore broken-hearted,
He sighs, from his dearest friends cruelly parted;
And now on an isle, but by wild beasts, deserted,
With anguish he thinks on the days that are gone.

Friends of my childhood, ye hear not my wailing,
Tremendous the white surges burst on the shore;
O parents so dear!—but 'tis all unavailing,
I die on a land you may live to deplore.
Blest be the hand, distrest virtue relieving,
Happy your home, heaven's blessing receiving,
And when this worn bosom the last sigh is heaving,
I'll bless those dear friends I can never see more.

See o'er the billows yon vessel swift sailing,
Bear it ye winds, where distracted I mourn;
Ah, no! it recedes, and the blue mist prevailing,
Buries that hope, which would murmur return,
With sorrow o'ercome, and the night dull and dreary,
Not one friendly star in the heaven's to cheer me,
Here I recline on the bank wet and weary,
From my home, and the sweets of society torn.

Sad was my soul when I left ANNA weeping,
Beauty and worth droop'd, when destin'd to sail;
High on the beach with my fond heart in keeping,
Trembling in tears, she sigh'd "WILLIAM farewel!
Memory still lives, and our sweet pastimes traces,
But gone is all pleasure, no more my caresses
Shall charm—and no more shall our kindred embrace us,
O friends of my childhood forever farewel!

Hark! from the wild wood I hear a dire screaming
Loud it resounds o'er the black-heaving main;
Wolves and fell tigers, with eyes fiercely gleaming,
Furious descend on the blood-scented plain;
Save me, ye rocks—to your covert retreating;
Save a pale wretch these dread spoilers from meeting;
Hide me awhile—but my heart wildly beating,
Tells me, I'll ne'er see my country again.

Where can I fly, that no savage can chase me!
No safeguard is here like our own cottage door;
Peril awaits at each step to distress me;
The mountains and vales are streak'd over with gore.
Then where can I fly? on all sides the wild ocean—
O ANNA may mourn with the tenderest emotion;
May sigh, and oft joining in fervent devotion,
May bless him, alas! she can never see more!"

He ceased, agonized with reflection, for never
Again could he visit his dear native vale;
Parted from home, and his ANNA for ever!
Alone, amidst horror, his lot to bewail.
Heard you that half-stifled groan? Still how dearly
The image of her, whom he loves so sincerely,
And cries——"O my ANNA, for ever farewel!"

## A KISS FROM HER I LOVE.

WHEN first the morn begins to dawn,
And gilds the flower-besprinkled lawn,
O'er which the young and tender swan
Delights at will to rove;
How sweet is then the dewy air,
The milk-maid's song, so void of care,
I own it is—But sweeter far
A kiss from her I love.

When o'er the evening shades prevail,
And flowrets close along the dale,
And rooks do homeward thro' the air
On easy pinions move,
Then, then, to watch the setting sun
From some high hill when labor's done,
Is sweet I own---but sweeter far
A kiss from her I love.

Not morning, noon, or dewy eve,
To me can half the pleasure give,
That I with her I love can share;
It rivals that above.
I ask not pow'r, nor wealth nor fame,
The hero's nor the monarch's name;
These may be sweet---yet sweeter far
A kiss from her I love.

FELIX.

*Captain's ——'s excuse for not fighting a Duel.*

WHAT! your'e afraid then? ——yes; I am: you're right,
I am afraid to sin, but not to fight.
My country claims my service; but no law
Bids me in folly's cause, my sword to draw.
I fear not Man nor devil, bur, tho' odd,
I'm not asham'd to own, I fear a God.

**N. SMITH,**

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

*LITERATURE.*

*The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.*

*N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.*

*W. D. LESLI.*

*New-York, No. 17, Banker-street.*


NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, NO. 102, WATER-STREET, WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.